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REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

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GENEALOGY

OF THE

HILL FAMILY

CALEB ISAAC HILL CHAIN

ARRANGED BY ORA HILL

FEBRUARY 1954

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1969324

Hill, Ora
Genealogy of the Hill family:
Caleb Isaac Hill Chain

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GENEALOGY OF THE HILL FAMILY.

Taken partly from Emerson,* etc.,
history.

Born Died

Johathan Hill (father New England, 1660 1690

Caleb Isaac Hill, Captain of Navy
Department, Great Grand Father,
Captain of Vermont State
Militia - Shot down by a bandit
Died at New York - 44 years of
age
Buried with Masonic Honors.

1814

Govenor Caleb Hill, Jr., Memphis, Mo., 1813
He came to Isle of LaMotte, Mo.,
in 1802.

Caleb Isaac Hill, Great Grand Father
of Dr. James MacGee, Hill,
St. Louis, Missouri.

George Washington Hill, Grand Father-
Polly (Mary) wife:

9th GENERATION.

CHILDREN:

William	1818
Nancy (Riddell)	1820
Robert	1822
John	1824
Mary J. Arnot	1826
Rachel	1828
Eliza (Elizabeth) Campbell	1830
Isaac Newton	1833
David	1836
James MacGee Hill, (Ora Hill's Father)	1858

* EMERSON, W. A. Hist of the town
of Douglas, Mass. Ref. 174.4

10th GENERATION.

Dr. James MacGee Hill, D.D.S.,
Great Grand Son of Caleb
Isaac Hill, (Ora Hill's Father).
St. Louis, Missouri,

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
Died April 22 nd 1921,	1838	1921
Age 82 years		
Rebecca Ellen Ray Hill, wife,	1846	1919
Age 73 years		

CHILDREN:

Ora Hill, born in Kentucky August 10, 1872,	1872
Mary Louise Hill Riddell	1875
David Harris Hill	1878
Alice May Hill Harkless, Detroit, Michigan,	1881 1911
William R. Hill	1884 1889

SOME OF ORA HILL'S RELATIVES.

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
George Washington Hill, Son of Ira, President of 7th National Bank and American Life Insurance Company, Philadelphia, Pa.	1831	1913

Ira or Calvin Hill presented
George Washington to the people
when he was selected to run for
President of U. S. A.

George Washington Hill, (Navy),
130 East End Avenue, Manhattan, N.Y.

George Washington Hill, Sr., born in Philadelphia, Pa., died Sept. 13, Manhattan, N. Y., (61 years old).	1884 1946
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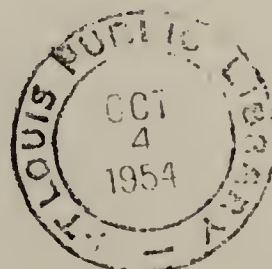
George Washington Hill, President,
American Tobacco Company, New York
City, Born in Philadelphia, Pa.,
Residence at Irvington, N. Y.

James M. Hill, (Capitalist), 135 East 42nd Street; Office at 405 Lex Avenue, Glen Head, Long Island, born in Dover, Ohio, Chairman of Board, Empire Steel Company, West Mansfield, Ohio - International Steel Corporation.	1889
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James J. Hill, Railroad Official
in Canada.

1838

Arranged by Ora Hill
February 1954.



END OF THE RAILROAD

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THE RAILROAD
AND THE
COUNTRY

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L I F E H I S T O R Y

O F

O R A H I L L

RELATIVE OF GALEB ISAAC HILL CHAIN

ARRANGED BY

O R A H I L L

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

NOVEMBER 1955

The Life History of Ora Hill.

My parents were Dr. James MacGee Hill and Rebecca Ellen Ray Hill. I was born August 10, 1872, in Uniontown, Kentucky.

History tells us that the Caleb Isaac Hill family of America is one of the foremost families of our country.

Johnathan Hill, (father), New England, born 1660, died 1690.

Caleb Isaac Hill, Captain of Navy, (file in Navy Department), Great Grand Father. Captain of Vermont State Militia. Shot down by a bandit. Died in 1814, 44 years of age, at New York. Buried with Masonic Honors.

Govenor Caleb Hill, Jr., born 1813, Memphis, Missouri.

Caleb Isaac Hill, Great Grand Father of Dr. James MacGee Hill, St. Louis, Missouri.

George Washington Hill, Grand Father of James MacGee Hill, Polly (Mary), wife:

Children	Born
William	1818
Nancy (Riddell)	1820
Robert	1822
John	1824
Mary J. Arnot	1826
Rachel	1828
Eliza (Elizabeth) Campbell (Dr.)	1830
Isaac Newton	1833
David	1836
James MacGee Hill (Ora Hill's Father)	1838

For many years, while employed in St. Louis and Chicago, I spent my two weeks' vacation each year in different parts of the country - For instance Canada, Colorado, Florida, Michigan, Illinois, etc.

Finally I decided that the two states of Kentucky and Missouri were as good as any, and really my choice. Their central location in the U. S. A. seemed to interest me greatly.

I always found export business interesting. There is much to be learned before entering the export business, but I seemed to be fully equipped before undertaking it.

I traced the export shipments to destination - wrote the French and Spanish letters, and handled the cables.

My uncle, Isaac Newton Hill, my father's brother, was ninety-six (96) years old when he died.

The Mark Twain Drinking Fountain was given to St. Louis to be erected in Forest Park at the Zoo in 1940.

After completing his education my father informed his parents that he was going to Kentucky to find a Kentucky girl and get married.

This he did, and that is the reason I'm here, in this beautiful and wonderful world, for a while, where the stars appear nightly to light the sky.

My life began in Kentucky August 10, 1872, in a home located on the banks of the Ohio River in Uniontown. When I was about four (4) years old A number of older girls invited me to join them in their yard parties on the banks of the Ohio River. I failed to become interested in toys, dolls or young children. What I wanted was books. I was seeking advancement fast. Something urged me to go forward. Naturally, I failed to understand.

We spent many happy hours in our parties on the banks of the Ohio River. I was getting wise concerning why I entered this world, and the older girls were having some fun due to my innocence. After each party I reported to my mother what they told me, and asked her if what the girls told me is true. To which she replied "it is true".

Finally I informed mother, when nearly five (5) years old, that I had decided not to enter matrimony.

Father was preparing to move to St. Louis, Missouri, when I was six (6) years old. Father's brother and several sisters lived in St. Louis. I accompanied father in a light rowboat across the Ohio River. Mother and the several other children joined Father and I in St. Louis later.

After breakfast we went to the
river and found it was very
shallow. We found a small
cave.

There was a small cave in the
side of the hill. It was very
dark. We found some bones
in the cave.

We found some bones in the
cave. They were very old.
We found some bones in the
cave. They were very old.
We found some bones in the
cave. They were very old.
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cave. They were very old.

I entered school and spent a great deal of time at the Public Library, 14th and Olive Streets. St. Louis.

Years later I entered the Rubican Business College, and finally located a position in the Merchants Exchange on Export with Kehlor Flour Mills. I also served as Notary Public while there.

Later I also held a position about ten (10) years with the A. H. Andrews Office Furniture and General Seating Co. Exporters. This position I lost during the depression, and I returned to St. Louis.

(from Chicago.)
That same urge to do something still haunted me, and I was saving and economizing to the best of my ability for something. I couldn't understand what. Old age I considered, but there was something more than that urged me on:-

AN URGE.

An urge that would not let me go
On me a mighty hand did throw.
A task there was for me to do,
It led me on, and showed me, too,
How, step-by-step, to do the work,
And seemed to say "Don't ever shirk",
The task was great, I will confess.
And many times I paused to guess
Next best move in a game of chance.
Often felt that I was in a trance,
Ready to give up and quit the task &
Help from the Mighty Hand I'd ask -
Something seemed to be at my side -
Opened the way and helped decide
What course to take to reach my aim,
And then my act to the world proclaim.

By Ora Hill, Donor of Mark Twain Drinking Fountain to the St. Louis Zoo in Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri.

I returned home and found a letter from
you at the table, dated 10th Nov.
and received it at once.

Some time I will be able to tell you
how things are going, and I am
glad to hear that you are well.
I am sure you will be soon
back to your old home.

I am sure you will be soon
back to your old home, and I
am sure you will be soon
back to your old home.

I am sure you will be soon
back to your old home, and I
am sure you will be soon
back to your old home.

I am sure you will be soon
back to your old home, and I
am sure you will be soon
back to your old home.

I am sure you will be soon
back to your old home, and I
am sure you will be soon
back to your old home.

The foregoing verse tells of my experiences
years before installation of the Mark
Twain Drinking Fountain.

The urge was becoming greater each year,
until finally one day, while on our lawn,
I raised my right hand up with force,
while my eyes were fixed on the skies, and
exclaimed "Oh God! What is it?". Instant-
ly there appeared in the skies a four (4)
faucet drinking fountain with Mark Twain
sitting in a chair on top of it. Oh!
what a relief to me! I understood at once.
I knew where it was needed, and got busy,
and have been busy since in different ways.

I seemed to be greatly interested in the
public welfare of people, all of whom I
appeared to love and want to help. I
worshipped my parents, and they loved me.
The drinking Fountain I gave in memory of
my parents, Dr. James MacGee Hill and
Rebecca Ellen Ray Hill.

I was also inspired at the same time to
write two (2) songs:-

"God, Be With The World."
and
"Hail, Missouri!"

This story of the Mark Twain Drinking F
Fountain and the two (2) songs went round
the world, and is told in a five (5) inch
thick scrapbook filed at the St. Louis
Public Library at 14th and Olive Streets.

Waldo Emerson wrote the genealogy of the
first eight (8) generations of our Hill
family, and I have added the genealogy of
our nine (9) and ten (10) generations.

I managed to save enough money to pay for the Mark Twain Drinking Fountain at Forest Park in St. Louis.

Both of my songs mentioned above have been on the radio, and are now at the Public Library in the Music Department.

✓ Since my parents are no longer here, I feel that I am obligated to the Public Library at Fourteenth and Olive Streets, for the service it rendered me for many years. Never could I have accomplished what I did without it.

Have reached the age of eighty-four (84) and continue to be active.

SOME OF ORA HILL'S RELATIVES.

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
George Washington Hill, Son of Ira, President of 7th National Bank and American Life Insurance Company, Philadelphia, Pa.	1851	1913
Ira or Calvin Hill presented George Washington to the people when he was selected to run for President of U. S. A.		
George Washington Hill, (Navy) 130 East End Avenue, Manhattan, N.Y.		
George Washington Hill, Sr. born in Philadelphia, Pa., died September 13, Manhattan, N.Y., (61 years old).	1884	1946
George Washington Hill, President, American Tobacco Company, New York City, Born in Philadelphia, Pa., Residence at Irvington, N. Y.		
James M. Hill, (Capitalist), 135 East 42nd Street, Office at 405 Lexington Avenue, Glen Head, Long Island, Born in Dover, Ohio, Chairman of Board, Empire Steel Company, West Mansfield, Ohio - International Steel Corporation.		1889
James J. Hill, Railroad Official in Canada.		1898

Arranged by Ora Hill
February 1954.

O, Can't You Hear St. Louis Calling.

Ora Hill.

O, can't you hear St. Louis calling,
Her dear heart for you is falling.
Come where everything is humming,
Come where everyone is chumming.
Come where great waters ever meet,
And take part in the nation's feat.
Roses at your feet she will strew,
And singing waters tinged with hue.
When destiny has been her guide
Let not advantage be cast aside.

Come where soft breezes are straying
'Mid green trees, with branches swaying.
Wonderful sights we are seeing.
We've got a wonderful feeling.
O, what a beautiful old state -
It's matchless Missouri by fate.
St. Louis, the heart of the valley,
With its true hospitality.
What a wonderful large city,
With its true "Show Me State" ditty.

O, can't you hear St. Louis Calling,
Her dear heart for you is falling.
Come, sing and be happy and free,
Let your voice roll on to the sea.
O, shall we meet, and shall we smile,
And be in St. Louis for a while?
Mark Twain's fountain will quench the thirst,
He lives on and will greet you first.

GOD, BE WITH THE WORLD.

Ora Hill.

While the raging seas are roaring,
And the stormy winds are soaring,
Let us all pledge our devotion
To the Ruler of all emotion.
Long some parts have wept in despair;
Hear, O Lord, our one solemn prayer.

God! Be with the world, all through the night,
Let us see from afar Thy shining light.
Help us to walk in ways of peace,
Stand in our midst, and let strife cease.
Still more majestic let us be,
Let us all flourish, great and free;
Give us cause to sing in accord,
Peace to the world, and praise to the Lord.

HAIL, MISSOURI!

Ora Hill.

Mother of the West! All hail to thee!
In opening the trails she reached the sea.
With matchless beauty God blessed her space,
And with progress she fully keeps pace.
My voice I lift in a song of all praise,
A song to my home state I humbly raise.

All Hail, Missouri! My own home state!
Hail all the brave, who dared to be great.
In a huge valley of great renown
My own home state justly wears a crown.
Let freedom found ever be our boast,
Let its glad echo ever strike foremost.
We Hail all the brave, who dared to be great;
All Hail, Missouri. My own Home State.

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MY OWN MISSOURI HOME.

Ora Hill.

1969324

Take me back to old Missouri,
There's where all are happy and free.
There's where soft breezes are straying,
'Mid green trees with branches swaying.

O, take me back to my own home,
For me there's not another dome.
There's where my heart will still linger,
There's where I'll find a comforter.

There's where home has heavenly glow,
There's where great waters ever flow.
Take me back to my own dear home,
From there I'll never again roam.

O, take me back to my home state,
Soon I will greet my happy fate.
Ones dear to me have gone before,
There's where we'll meet, and part no more.

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F A T H E R.

Ora Hill.

Dear Father, ambition, Glory and love,
All, you have conquered, with help from above.
And your singing heart helps carry you through,
To-gether with love for the work you do.

Father, I cling to your endearing hand,
None more dear than yours in all this good land.
A home, a paradise to me, you share,
And the loving guidance of a father's care.

I love you for what you are and what you do,
And your strong arm and hand carry me through.
Your fatherly smile I will always adore,
You share all you have, I could not ask more.

Father, you are the king of our home,
Always ready to protect our sweet home.
May God walk with you all along the way,
And may he keep you for me night and day.

1 2 3 4 5

My dear

Your letter, dated 11th May and 1st June, has been received, with much interest. And your letter of 11th May has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am sorry to hear that you are not well. I hope you will soon be able to return to your work. I am sure you will be able to do so.

I have just received your letter of 11th May. I am sorry to hear that you are not well. I hope you will soon be able to return to your work. I am sure you will be able to do so.

I am sorry to hear that you are not well. I hope you will soon be able to return to your work. I am sure you will be able to do so.

M O T H E R.

ODDSENELL.

Mother, you walk in beauty so near-by,
And all that is best meets with your dear eye.
And you share the warmth from your heart and smile,
And turn your thoughts to others all the while.

O, I love the sweet tone of your soft voice,
To cheer your future years will be my choice.
d the hands that make me very happy
are the hands that you always share with me.

Mother dear, it is for you that I pray;
To you I owe all that I am to-day.
Mother, you have loved as no others love -
May you be blessed by the great God above.

Mother, there is no one so dear to me -
May God bless you and keep you is my plea.
There is no heart so true as Mother's heart -
May God never keep us too far apart.

NOTES

1888-1889

Between the walls is covered in mud, and will find in the water all the same. The water is very dark and will not take from the bottom of the water all the mud.

I have the same kind of mud in the water. The water is very dark and will not take from the bottom of the water all the mud.

Between the walls is covered in mud, and will find in the water all the same. The water is very dark and will not take from the bottom of the water all the mud.

I have the same kind of mud in the water. The water is very dark and will not take from the bottom of the water all the mud.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Ora Hill.

No matter where we are today,
No matter where we go to stay,
There's lasting beauty and wonder,
Through life's journey as we ponder.

There are those who live to do work,
There are those who live just to shirk.
There are those who grow while working,
There are those who fail while shirking.

There are those who stir up sweet dreams,
And they water and feed the schemes.
It is what we are and what we do -
Working together carries us through.

Whisper to God to keep us strong -
To Him we will always belong.
Each day folds itself into night -
Be glad, and know that God is might.

THE LITTLE BOY

BY J. H. B. B.

He never knew he was a boy
So when he was ten years old
There's a laughing, happy, and
Through life's journey he was

There are those who live in
There are those who live in
There are those who live in
There are those who live in

There are those who live in
There are those who live in
There are those who live in
There are those who live in

There are those who live in
There are those who live in
There are those who live in
There are those who live in

TYPEWRITER 'TIS OF THEE.

Ora Hill.

Typewriter, 'tis of thee,
Short road to "busy-be",
Of thee I chant.
Just when you're getting slow
My dollars start to grow,
And now you fail to go,
Or won't or can't.

Please, dear old rattletrap,
Do keep me on the map,
And out of grief.
Badly thy type is worn,
Ribbon in holes and torn,
Thy foolish stunts I mourn
And seek relief.

Thy keyboard has the grip,
Therefore thy type & the pip,
And woe is thine.
I, too, had many knocks,
And oh, such nervous shocks!
Thy Roller having chickenpox
Since thou wert mine.

Low is my cash, I'll vow -
How it would feed "bow-wow",
Had I some more,
Typewriter had I now,
So help me, I'd prove how
All through hard ground I'd plow
As once before.

GOD: MY LIGHT.

Ora Hill.

God, my light, welcomes all,
He will not alight my call,
The way is bright.
God bless my native land,
Made by his own dear hand,
Free may she ever stand,
O God, My Light.

I'm thankful for my home,
Beneath God's secure dome,
The place I love.
I love the bird's spring song,
The streams that glide along,
Trees that dance in a throng;
Thank Him above.

Sweet music fills the air,
There comes from everywhere
A call to pray.
Music of chapel bells
The sweetest story tells,
Serenade of school bells
I hear them play.

Youths' voices on the lawn
I hear at early dawn,
Sweetly they sound.
The mild smile of dear friends,
Missed when the visit ends,
Brings joy my heart attends;
God's gifts I found.

1944-1945

1944-1945

On January 1, 1945, the
U.S. Navy Department
announced that it
had received from the
British Government
a large quantity of
military equipment
which had been
captured from the
German forces in
Italy.

The equipment included
a large number of
military vehicles,
including tanks, trucks,
and other heavy
equipment, as well as
a large quantity of
small arms, including
rifles, machine guns,
and pistols.

The equipment was
delivered to the U.S. Navy
Department in the form
of a large number of
military vehicles,
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